

from the mountain sides keep it always full;
it passes
nearly ice-cold among lawns and woods, and
its colour is
everywhere a pure peacock-green of the
most exquisite
tint, contrasting with the deep blue-green of
the Karun.
Shuster is only seven marches off, and in
the direction
in which it lies scorched barren hills fill up
the distance,
sinking down upon yellow barren plains,
softened by a
yellow haze, in which the imagination sees
those vast
alluvial stretches which descend in an
unbroken level to
the Shat-el-Arab and the Persian Gulf.
Many a lofty
range is seen, but the eye can rest only on
the huge
Gerra mass, with the magnificent snowy
peak of Dalo-
nak towering above all, bathed in a heavenly
blue.

The shelter-tent was pitched till the
noonday heat
moderated. Abbas Ali and Mehemet Ali were
inside it,
and I was reading *Ben HUT* aloud. Aziz
Khan was
lying half in and half out, with a quizzical
look on his
face, wondering at a woman knowing how
to read. Not
a creature had been seen, when as if by
magic nine or
ten Lurs appeared, established themselves
just outside,
and conversed with Aziz. I went on reading,
and they
went on talking, the talk growing
disagreeably loud, and
Aziz very much in earnest. Half an hour
passed thus,
the Agha, who understood their speech,
apparently giving
all his attention to *Sen Hur*.

I did not hear till the evening that the
topic of the
talk was our robbery, with possible
murder, and that
Aziz was spending all his energies on

dissuading them,
telling them that we are guests of the
Ilkhani and under
the protection of the Shah, and that they and
'their tribe
would be destroyed if they carried out their
intention.

They discovered that his revolvers were not
loaded—he
had in fact forgotten his cartridges, and one
said to the
others, " Don't give him time to load."

While the tent was being packed, I sat
on a stone